

The Daily New Mexican

THE NEW MEXICAN PRINTING CO.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the Santa Fe Postoffice.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily, per week, by carrier \$5.00
Daily, per month, by carrier 15.00
Daily, three months, by mail 45.00
Daily, six months, by mail 85.00
Daily, one year, by mail 165.00
Weekly, per month, by mail 4.00
Weekly, per quarter, by mail 11.00
Weekly, six months, by mail 21.00
Weekly, one year, by mail 41.00

The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every Postoffice in the Territory and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the southwest.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Wanted—One cent a word each insertion. Local—Ten cents per line each insertion. Reading Room—Preferred position—Twenty-five cents per line each insertion. Displayed—Two dollars an inch, single column, per month in daily. One dollar an inch, single column, in either English or Spanish Weekly. Additional prices and particulars given on receipt of a copy of matter to be inserted.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25.

Call for Republican Territorial Central Committee.

REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE of New Mexico, Santa Fe, Aug. 23, 1898. The Republican Central Committee is hereby called to meet at the office of the chairman in Santa Fe, N. M., at 10 o'clock a. m. on Thursday, the 25th day of September, 1898, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the territorial convention to nominate a candidate for delegate in congress; fixing the number of delegates thereto and their apportionment among the several counties; and such other business as may come before the committee.

EDWARD L. BARRETT, Chairman.
MAX FROST, Secretary.

The Agricultural college at Las Cruces is a very lucky institution. It receives the least little sum of \$40,000 per year from this great and glorious government and has a corps of 24 professors and assistant professors on its pay roll. Nice thing for the professors and spends money in the community.

The managers of the New Mexico Horticultural fair to be held in this city early next month are at work to make the affair a success. They made the first exhibition last year a success and will succeed again this time. Every possible local aid should be extended to these public spirited citizens who are at work for the good of this community and for the benefit of the territory without the hope of personal fee or reward.

The U. S. Indian school in this city should increase its usefulness and efficiency and the NEW MEXICAN is of the opinion that under the new superintendent, Mr. Veits, this will be the case. The school should contain at least 500 scholars. It is situated in one of the healthiest sections of the United States and in the center of what was once an extensive Indian country. The new superintendent seems to be a man of knowledge of human nature, of large experience and of executive ability. THE NEW MEXICAN will aid in every way possible to make the school what it ought to be.

General Wood on Captain Luna.

The NEW MEXICAN takes great pleasure in publishing for the information of all concerned, the following letter received by this journal from Brigadier General Leonard Wood, U. S. volunteers, the first colonel of the 1st U. S. volunteer cavalry, the "Rough Riders," as to the services during the recent war rendered by Captain Max Luna, commanding Troop F of the regiment, in its service and campaign from its muster in on April 30 to the present time.

General Wood is well known as a high minded, conscientious, gallant and successful officer and commander, and his statement, as published herewith, will forever silence the slanderous reports of the scandal mongers and envious blather-skites, who have attempted by falsehood, innuendo, vile fabrications and lies to blacken the record of this gallant young soldier for either personal or political reasons.

The letter reads: To the Editor of the New Mexican, Santiago de Cuba, Aug. 4, 1898.—I desire to inform you that the services of Captain Maximiliano Luna, 1st U. S. volunteer cavalry, have been of the highest order, and that his coolness and gallantry have been conspicuous in every action our regiment has been engaged in. I make this statement in order that you may correct the false and malicious reports which I understand have been circulated against this officer.

Very truly yours, LEONARD WOOD, Brigadier General U. S. Army, Late Colonel 1st U. S. Volunteer Cavalry.

Do Justice to New Mexico.

The Denver Republican, in yesterday's issue, has a neat editorial on the flag, borne aloft by the "Rough Riders" during the Cuban campaign and which was escorted by Troop E of the regiment on its landing of Long Island on route to Camp Wikoff. There is but one error in the article. The flag in question was presented through the agency of this paper by the ladies and citizens of this territory to the New Mexico squadron of the regiment consisting of Troops E, F, G, H and I. Troop E was raised in Santa Fe, contains many Santa Fe men, among them a half dozen attaches of this office and is officered by three men, citizens of this, the Capital City of New Mexico. It is essentially a Santa Fe organization and did most gallant and valuable service during the campaign. There is no sense in hiding one's light under a bushel basket and the NEW MEXICAN does not propose to hide the shining lights of bravery, pluck, endurance, gallantry and courage shown by the "Rough Riders" in general and by the New Mexico troops in particular during the late war with Spain. Not by a good deal and in no manner.

Nearly one-half of the entire regiment came from New Mexico, while Arizona had only two companies. The flag will

find a final resting place in the capitol of New Mexico where it will be looked upon by admiring thousands as an evidence of what New Mexico did in this war.

The NEW MEXICAN trusts the Republican will make the necessary and fair correction.

The Congressional Situation.

The election which takes place in November next will virtually be a trial of the Republican party before a jury composed of the voters of the entire country. Congressmen are to be elected in every state, and the congressional elections will be conducted upon national issues, or rather upon the commendation or condemnation of a Republican administration.

Into the campaign will enter three principal issues: The effects of a protective tariff, the conduct of the war, and an effort will be made by the free silverites to force the coinage question to the front again. On the first proposition the Democrats will endeavor to show that under the Dingley tariff law the people have been compelled to pay more for the necessities of life, that the benefits have been for the monopolists at the expense of the consumers, and that as a revenue measure, the law has been a failure. All the sophistries possible of invention by the human mind will be used to accomplish the objects sought, and despite the wonderful showing made by the manufacturers, agriculture and business generally since the enactment of the law, the free traders will go upon the stump for the express purpose of proving that white is black, sometimes, and particularly when protection is bringing prosperity to the country. So far as a revenue measure is concerned, the Democrats, by a manipulation of the expenses of the country while carrying on a war, will endeavor to show that an enormous deficit has resulted from the effects of the law, but the voters are pretty well informed upon the subject themselves, and the effort will be anything but a success.

On the money question there will be a peculiar situation. In most of the states where the Democrats have held state conventions free silver has been endorsed, it is true, but the enthusiasm over free coinage has so far been very mild. There is no question that the silver sentiment outside of two or three states, has very largely disappeared. The success of the government in maintaining its credit the past two years, and at the same time maintaining the parity of every kind of money used in the country, regardless of the intrinsic value of the metals, has satisfied the great majority of the people that the refusal of the United States to become the dumping ground of the world's output of silver two years ago was one of the most sensible things ever done by the nation. There is less disposition now to make any change in the monetary system than at any time previous for a number of years.

So far as the Republican party's conduct of the war is concerned, any effort to cause dissatisfaction over that will utterly fail. The Democrats have aided in the prosecution of the struggle, have laid aside politics, equally with the Republicans, and while there may have been differences of opinion regarding details, the objects in view have been the same to all political parties. There will be an effort made to use the war as a campaign issue in some sections of the country, but the better element of the Democratic party will not lend its influence in behalf of such a movement.

From present indications, the Democrats can only hope to be successful in electing congressmen, outside of the solidly Democratic states, in congressional districts where local issues may overshadow national matters. Those districts will be so few that if the present number of Democratic members in the lower house of congress is kept intact, that party will consider itself fortunate.

American Kings and Queens.

The iron industry of the south is booming right along now, and the cotton crop is panning out in fine shape. Cotton may still be king in that favored section of the country, but iron is sitting in the position of queen regent.

A Comprehensive Prayer.

"A Denver poet closed her prayer with 'God bless papa and mamma and Dorey and Shafter and Schley and Sampson and Teddy's Terrors, and I wouldn't be very hard on poor Admiral Cervera if I were you.'"

And Why Not, Pray?

In a recent interview at Washington, Governor Otero took particular occasion to laud the patriotism of the native population in the matter of volunteering in the late war, and also emphatically declared himself in favor of Max Luna for the Republican nomination for delegate to congress.

Bernalillo County Should be Represented at the Horticultural Fair.

(Albuquerque Democrat.) Some steps should at once be taken to secure from Bernalillo county a first class fruit exhibit to be sent to the New Mexico horticultural fair, which will be held in Santa Fe September 7, 8 and 9. The horticultural fair is just as much a New Mexican institution as is the territorial fair which will be held in this city.

Our Volunteers.

(Boston Journal.) There has been some anxiety as to how the rural militiamen, with their scant opportunities for drill, would meet the test of actual warfare in the Philippines. That anxiety seems to have been superfluous. Aptitude for a soldier's life seems to be an American instinct, persistent and universal. The Colorado miners and cowboys have behaved as gallantly before Manila as the Pennsylvania veterans of long militia service, and the Utah light artillerymen, whose captain is a grandson of Brigham Young, stood to their guns in the fierce night assault in a way which won the admiration of regular officers.

Grant County Cattleman in Clover.

(Silver City Independent.) With cattle for \$18.50 for yearlings, \$21.50 for two's and \$24.50 for three's, Grant county cattlemen are in no sense of the word complaining of hard times. And now since the war is ended there is a demand at these prices for all the stock that can be furnished.

What the "Rough Riders" Want.

(Denver Republican.) Now the "Rough Riders" have their spunk up and they say they do not want to go to Cuba. They are enlisted to fight, and if the benevolent government cannot provide a scrap for them they prefer to go back to their pleasant avocations of cowpunching on the ranges and cocktail drinking in New York clubs.

Garret a Candidate for Re-Election.

(Albuquerque Citizen.) Every person in southern New Mexico, especially Dona Ana county, is interested in ridding the territory of the gang of outlaws that are accused of the murder of Colonel Fountain and his little son. They, with the citizen, are pleased to learn that Sheriff Pat Garrett has announced himself for re-election. On the subject the El Paso Tribune-Telegraph says: "Sheriff Pat F. Garrett has announced himself for re-election to the sheriffship of Dona Ana county. Pat is a good officer and while he will be bitterly opposed by the Oliver Lee sympathizers, yet he ought to win, as he is about the only man in the county that is feared by the mountain cattle rustlers."

How the Oliver Lee Case is Being Looked At.

(El Paso Times.) New Mexico should be a perfect paradise for the yellow journalists of New York. In New Mexico outlaws and murderers, upon whose heads a price has been set, are fond of being interviewed.

As the Phoenix Gazette says, "The many readers of New Mexico papers are treated with the peculiar spectacle of a murderer pleading his own case in print. Oliver Lee and one Gilliland were wanted for the murder of Colonel Fountain and son. Sheriff Pat Garrett and posse attempted to arrest them and in the light the desperadoes killed Sheriff K. Kearney and escaped. Later they sent to the press a graphic letter descriptive of the fight."

In the states an outlaw, dodging the officers of the law, would not think of writing letters to the press to excuse his crime. In Texas, if the whereabouts of an escaped murderer was known, he would be arrested even if it was necessary to send every militiaman in the state on his trail. But in New Mexico, Oliver Lee, after killing an officer of the law, armed with a warrant for his arrest, retires to his ranch, and sends the papers a graphic description of the fight he made and tells why he will not be arrested by this or that officer.

And still some people wonder why New Mexico is not admitted to statehood. It is not Texas, and it is not San to place that territory under martial law until its criminal element can learn that crime can not override the law. Let Governor Otero lend Sheriff Garrett some aid and send enough men after Lee to capture him in short order.

HILLSBORO GOLD MINES.

Significant Notes Regarding Productive Development Work in One of New Mexico's Great Gold Camps.

The Hillsboro Advocate is entitled to credit and praise for the subjoined readable and instructive budget of mining notes:

The big strike of \$70 per ton ore at the Tripp has widened out to four feet, and, by reference to the old workings, the output has increased to 40 tons per week.

Fifty tons of ore from the new strike on the Mastodon mine is being hauled to Collins's mill this week. According to assay it should yield \$45 per ton.

Wheeler, Carson and Wolf, leasers on the K. K. are working in an extensive body of \$150 ore this week, and will soon make a shipment of 60 tons to the El Paso smelter.

The Snake and Opportunity mines now employ 35 leasers, all of whom are making over \$4.50 per day.

Harney Martin made a shipment of 40 tons of ore to the smelter, on Monday. R. C. Troeger has been offered 30 per cent royalty for leases on the Bonanza and is earnestly considering the matter.

The Freiberg mine folk will shortly make a shipment of 80 tons of ore to Silver City.

The Mesa del Oro company will put in a Welley table at the Charter Oak mill, at the Hillsboro placers, and do the custom ore milling of that immediate section.

Systematic development work at Prof. Preissner's Iron Blossom mine, in the Tanks district, is uncovering some magnificent ore bodies.

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A VOICE BEYOND THE WALL.

Being Some Notes From a Music Loving Bachelor's Diary.

4 P. M. Tuesday.—Ah, there it is again, soft, sweet, melodious, directly under my window. I have heard it every day for a week, but the sweet singer is unseen. No doubt she is some fair daughter of the south, with liquid eyes, ruby lips and the figure of Hobe. In vain I have strained my sight, and my manly form, too, as I have leaned far out of the window in a futile endeavor to discover the neighboring wall, from beyond which the voice comes. My charmer remains unseen, and I—I throw myself back in the easy chair, light a cigarette and listen. What pathos! Again, what spirit! I could love the owner of such a voice. Smoke and fancies circle around me. The mansion the high wall environs is princely in appearance. Every sign of wealth and comfort distinguishes it. No doubt the singer is beautiful—the chrysalis of a parent; perhaps their only one. Her songs are evidently expressions of her character, simple everyday ditties. I always admire simplicity in womankind. I light another cigarette and decide that a wife who could sing like the unseen songstress would be a treasure to possess, just as "Suzanne Rivier" floats up to my window—a dream of melody.

I meditate on the rich surroundings, the prospects. I picture the stern parent giving his consent to my union with his favored child. My thoughts overpower me, I snatch up my hat hurriedly and rush to the elevator. Now or never! I must—I will see the singer!

5 P. M.—There was a gate in the high wall which I approached as if I were wearing a shrine. At last, I thought, I will see her. As I paused to still the beating of my heart my unseen duty began to sing "Baby." I stood spellbound. Would the time ever come when I could call her—that sweet singer—Baby, as her thrilling notes requested? Then slowly, like a sinner about to have a glimpse into paradise, I opened the gate. The song stopped abruptly, the singer turned and looked at me. She was black as the ace of spades and fat as a Greenland seal.

6 P. M.—If there is a fool thing a man can do, it is building castles in the air. If there is another fool thing a man can do, it is to think of getting married. Hang it! I wish that ugly fat darky would stop that racket. She's got a voice like a steam whistle. And those staid old songs, too, they make me tired, as if any one ever would want to "play in her yard"—her yard, indeed—as if it needed a high wall to hold that squallor from the public eye!—Toronto Saturday Night.

The Billville Banner.

The army ranks in this neighborhood are filling up fast. Ten barrels of "moonshine" arrived yesterday.

The government will furnish the uniform. All it asks of us is to furnish the men to die in 'em.

The health of this community was never better than at present. All our doctors have gone and joined the army.

A cable dispatch from the Ogeechee river informs that the vessel we fitted out for war duty has just caught a crowd of contraband catfish. We have ordered five cooks to her assistance.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Memory Refreshed.

In his later years Sir Richard Quain's memory was not so good as it used to be, and thereby hangs a tale. At a dinner party he found himself next to a lady who declined in spite of his example a particularly succulent entree.

"My doctor," she offered in explanation, "forbids me."

"Nonsense," said Sir Richard. "Would not hurt a baby. Who is your doctor?"

"Sir Richard Quain."—"Pick Me Up."

Used to Being Obedient.

"I don't believe it would do to give him a commission in the volunteer army."

"Well, he doesn't look to me like a man who has been in the habit of exercising authority over others, and a great deal depends upon that."

"Evidently you don't know that he has been a flat building janitor for three years."—Chicago Post.

No Wonder.

Elia—I see that Bella got married yesterday. I wonder why she had such a quiet wedding.

Stella—It was on account of a recent death in the family of the man she married.

Elia—Who died?

Stella—His first wife.—Town Topics.

Tautology.

"Yes, sir," said the indignant citizen, "he called me a tallow faced, mutton headed idiot. What do you think of that?"

"I would soon to me," said the professor of languages, "that it was a case of repetition."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Phenomenal.

"We have the most wonderful cook you ever saw. You know we only engaged her as a plain cook."

"Yes," said the man who spoke, "well, she makes good bread."—Brooklyn Life.

Safely Offered.

"That tramp said he would willingly work if we had any work in his line."

"What is his line?"

"Shingling church steeples."—Chicago Record.

Undue Familiarity.

"What made the butler scowl at you so, Champsey?"

"I mistook him for a guest, and he resented it."—Detroit Free Press.

A Definition.

Teacher—What is a villager?

Pupil—People that wears short dresses in the comic opera.—Roxbury Gazette.

SCHOOLBOY HUMOR.

THE YOUNG IDEA WRITES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

Impressions of a Juvenile on a Visit to the Zoological Gardens—Essays Upon the Outdoor Quadruped, the Lion, and the Indoor Quadruped, the Cat.

Schoolboy humor seems inexhaustible and there are some rather novel specimens of the English article in a book entitled "The Comic Side of School Life." It includes several school compositions, of which we subjoin two:

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Of all the animals in this world the zoological gardens is the most. You go in by a gate and when you have got a bit way down there they are all round you. Americk can't be nothin' to it. The lion, which is the king of all the animals wot ever lived, was so little that I shouldn't have seen it was him, only I have seen pictures and my mother said, "Look, Tom, now you can say as you've seen a lion." Why, he isn't quarter as big as an elephant, and he hasn't got no trunk. I think the elephant could master him if he liked, but the big silly wot'ten try, coz he's so kind and doesn't want to be king.

The lion is yellor, but not so yellor as in the picter book what the board geve me. He looks at yer through the bars like as wot he was sayin: "You think as you can fight, don't yer, little boy, just coz you no I can't get out all coz of this bloomin' cage. If I could on't sneeze through, I'd swallow you and yer mother too." I said to my mother, "I should like to hear the lion roarin'," when she said, "Why, that was a roar in just now when the keeper looked in at him." Then I nearly cried it was so wild. Why, it wasn't like thunder and lightning at all. It just opened its mouth wide, like as yer seed men sittin at their doors and a-gapin on Sunday afternoons, and it yoped no louder than a apple cart man does.

THE CAT.

The house cat is four legged quadruped, the legs, as usual, being at the corners. It is sometimes what is called a tame animal, though it feeds on mice and birds of prey. * * * When it is happy, it does not purr, but breathes through its nose instead of its mouth, but I can't remember the name they call the noise. It is a little word, but I can't think of it, and it is wrong to copy. Cats also mew, which you have all heard. When you stroke this tame quadruped by drawin yer hand along its back, it cocks up its tail like a ruler so as you can't get no further. Never stroke the hairs across, as it makes all cats scratch like mad. Its tail is about two foot long, and its legs about one each. Don't tease cats, for, firstly, it is wrong so to do, and, second, cats have claws which is longer than people think. Cats have nine lives, but which is seldom required in this country coz of Christianity. Men cats are alphas called Tom, and girl cats, puss or puss, but queer as you may think, all little cats are called kittens, which is a wrong name which oughter be changed. This tame quadruped can see in the dark, so rats stand no chance, much less mice. Girls fears rats, even mice. Last Tuesday I drawed our cat on some white tea paper, and I sold it to a boy who has a father for 20 pins and some coft drops.

War, the Great Leveler.

"Well, ah, dis war beat de devil. It sho' do. W'y, dar wuz Mr. Ben—dey call him 'kunnel' in time er peace, en he answer to 'kunnel' same as a nigger ter day, but when he lan' in de army do 'United States' didn't rockenize his entitlements. De cap'n say ter him, 'Git in line, dar, you redheaded devil, en keep yo' mouth shet.' 'Pears lak dis yer 'gumment is a mighty disrespectful er pussus.'—Atlanta Constitution.

Convenient Timidity.

"I do think that Mr. Newly is the most bushful man in the world," declared his confiding young wife.

"He'll get over it." "I don't know. He never comes in late at night but he is so frustrated that he can give no lucid explanation of where he has been."—Detroit Free Press.

The Point in Doubt.

"Do you know anything about the defeat of the Spanish armada?" inquired one young man.

"Why, certainly," replied his friend. "That occurred centuries ago."

"I know that, but have the Spanish yet ceased to claim a victory on that occasion?"—Washington Star.

In Russia.

She—Long engagements are rather expensive affairs in Russia. The bridegroom elect is expected to send his fiancée a present every day.

He—And just think what a large truck would be required to return them!—Yonkers Statesman.

Kindred Joys.

Visitor (from the far east)—Ah, it's so delightful to have a fruit farm on the outskirts of a city. That smell of apple blossoms is particularly pleasant.

His Western Entertainer—Yaw. Dot was a prewery.—Chicago Tribune.

High Rank.

"How about Wright—does his work stand very high?"

"They keep it on the top shelves in the book stores."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Drowsy Fellow.

Drowsy kind of weather: You tried to think or wish, Noddin on the river bank 'Steard of ketchin fish.

Here I'm twenty mile from town; But just fill the cup; Ever time the cork goes down Alas wakes me up.

Drowsy kind of weather: Hear the water splash; Noddin on the river bank; Never did like fish.

Code of Civil Procedure.

Every practicing attorney in the territory should have a copy of the New Mexico Code of Civil Procedure, bound in separate form with alternate blank pages for annotations. The New Mexican Printing Company has such an edition on sale at the following prices: Leatherette binding, \$1.25; full law sheep, \$3; flexible morocco, \$3.50.

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SOCIETIES.

Montezuma Lodge No. 1, A. F. & M. Regular communication first Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m.

F. S. DAVIS, W. M.

J. H. BRADY, Secretary.

Santa Fe Chapter No. 1, R. A. M. Regular convocation second Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES B. BRADY, H. P.

ARTHUR SELIGMAN, Secretary.

Santa Fe Commandery No. 1, K. T. Regular convocation fourth Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m.

MAX FROST, R. E. C.

ADDISON WALKER, Recorder.

I. O. O. F.

PARADE LODGE No. 2, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers always welcome